# BACKGROUND

1945

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# BACKGROUND

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*The Yearbook of the Horace Mann-Lincoln School*

OF TEACHERS COLLEGE, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1945

FOR THE STUDENTS OF THE HORACE MANN-LINCOLN SCHOOL

# BACKGROUND 1945

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This book, although it was edited by the staff, is really the work of the entire school. It was written by the classes and it is a true representation of their ideas. We would like to thank all the people who have done so much to help us with our book. We would especially like to thank Mr. Schwartz who was an invaluable aid to us in our photography work.

# BACKGROUND

We have gone through another war year at Horace Mann-Lincoln. In history this year will go down as the most critical the world has ever known. Such times as these affect us in myriad ways; primarily in causing us to turn our eyes inward, wondering how well we are prepared to take our places as stable citizens in the changing scene of today and tomorrow.

This book will picture life as we, the student body, lived it during the year 1944-45. Our school was our world, patterned on the lines of the world which we are soon to enter, with, of course, idealistic overtones. Has the school done its job of "Education for Living"?

We think that on the whole it has. Our idealism, while it may cause us some rude awakenings upon our leaving this relatively sheltered school world, is not blind idealism. Horace Mann-Lincoln has taught us to think objectively as well as to cherish ideals, and this balanced background will enable us to face intelligently the problems of the post-war world.

Those who have left Horace Mann-Lincoln have seen proved the actual worth of this kind of education that we have received here at school.

It is only natural for us to dedicate this book to Horace Mann-Lincoln School and to the high ideals that it stands for. We hope that those who follow us will take advantage of the education and idealism that Horace Mann-Lincoln School stands for and has given to us.

F. N.
L. R.
A. E.

# THIS IS JUNIOR HIGH

## 7's MEET CHINA—VITAMINS—ATHLETICS

Out of buses, cars, and subways reluctantly shuffled 72 bewildered seventh graders who wondered what "Junior High" held in store for them. They were we. Doubts and fears about the coming year filled our heads. If we had been able to look at ourselves a few weeks hence we would have been greatly comforted.

Only a comparative handful of us had been in the Lincoln building before; the rest were absolute strangers. Because of this our biggest problem turned out to be getting acquainted. We soon overcame this difficulty despite the fact that we were divided into three groups. We learned, however, in class meetings to solve our problems and to work together as one group. We also got acquainted at gym and the Thursday after-school parties.

Our interests were many, in fact, sometimes too many. Water and air never seemed important to us before we studied them. We knew water came from a faucet but we had never realized how tremendous the job of getting it into the faucet is. We discovered that we sit on molecules and atoms.

The first day we went to language classes we heard our teachers uttering queer, unfamiliar sounds. We now find ourselves speaking their phrases although we don't know how it came about.

We learned that China has a dramatic and a colorful history. We read a great deal about that country, its people and their progress.

We were experts in many other subjects, for instance, English. We are still hoping to prove this to the "Lorette" staff. We recognized the value of our nutrition study. We liked shop, the artrooms, and best of all we liked gym. However, as one of the class wits so aptly said, "The thing we were best at was playing tag."

"So this is Junior High!" we said happily, "a mixture of China, vitamins, clay, and swimming."

Our class was divided into three divisions, yet our work in each section was slightly different. We all studied China. Our assignments were interesting, especially projects. We made everything from scrolls to bound books. One ingenious person made a large fan, on which was written the story of a Chinese family.

In English we read many epics. From the "Story of Roland," "King Arthur," "Hiawatha," and "The Odyssey of Homer" plays were written and produced for the class. Pictures from "Rama" and "Rustum" were displayed in the first floor hall cases. Imaginative stories and poems of Achaean life were written. One of our poets compared the monsters in the "Odyssey" with those of fairy tales and legends.

We covered a wide range of topics in science. We had a long discussion on what would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body. One boy suggested that an extra clever irresistible force could move around and avoid the immovable body. We left it at that before we got involved.

The girls found that zippers were a cinch to sew in, and that bias hems were the easiest to whip.

We enjoyed music, though we were at times a little naughty. There were a few unlucky boys who tried to measure their neighbors' heads with rulers. Music should never follow math.

Yes, we had fun and foolishness. We grew lanky and we grew stout, but in a greater measure we grew scholarly.

# SOCIAL HOUR—FOLLY, FOOD, FEMALES

There were many strange procedures we had to get used to when we first moved into Junior High. Large amounts of homework were big disadvantages, yet high on the list of advantages was our Thursday afternoon social hour.

We enjoyed our social program greatly for we had a variety of entertainment, such as social and folk dancing, quiet and active games. (Sometimes the latter were dubbed "the loud games.") Our life was greatly enriched by these activities, and most of us agreed that social dancing was the most fun. The social hour provided some thought for our young connivers who concocted schemes to prevent stag lines and to keep the dancing hour from being too short.

The first time we went to the Thursday parties we were attracted by the refreshments. We soon grew to enjoy the gatherings so much that the Dixie cups no longer lured us. However, when food was served no murmurs of discontent arose.

# SEVENS SKILLED IN SOCCER, GIRLS GO FOR GYM

The seventh grade is rather good at keeping up the high standards of Horace Mann-Lincoln in the matter of teams. Our stalwart soccer team had a group of athletes, who, according to Coach, did their best to lose each game, but by some quirk of fate always managed to win it.

The girls in our class like basketball, swimming, and modern dancing. However, some of them wonder why basketball was ever invented or wish that the baskets were lowered a few inches. Most of them like gym, and show their skill and enjoyment on the courts.

If you would ask Chief, Coach, Mrs. Proctor, or Mrs. McCormick about our spirit, they would tell you, between puffs and pants, scoldings and compliments, that our spirit *is good* but we *are* a little wild at times.

# 8's TALENTS VARY

## PAGEANT TRIBUTE TO 8's RESOURCEFULNESS

Our participation in the Christmas Pageant was perhaps the thing which made the upper classes sit up and take notice of the eighth grade. If these upper classes had watched us during the weeks of rehearsals, composing, costume making, and set building, they would have seen that we are an industrious, active class. We have a great deal of talent within our ranks, ranging from aspiring cartoonists to junior Congressmen.

We are not so different from the other classes in the school, in that we have a class scientist, several English enthusiasts, and a class artist, among others. The only thing that makes us feel different from the other classes in this respect is that we believe that our scientist, artist, and English enthusiasts are a little bit better than those in other classes.

Our class scientist loves the laboratory and reads thick science books for pleasure. The rest of us enjoy a lively science discussion but our interest in the subject fades with the appearance of a test.

Our English enthusiasts are forever writing. When their prospective masterpieces are not received with the acclaim the authors feel are due them, the masterpieces are filed in the wastepaper baskets. Piles of rumpled paper proclaim the whereabouts of the writers at almost any time in the day.

The brightest spot in the week for us is the Thursday afternoon social hour. Here we can forget about tests and ninth grade math books. If the members of the other classes in the school could see us on these afternoons they would see us as we really are, a fun-loving, friendly class.

# LUSTY-GUTS, WOBBLY HORSES, IN XMAS PAGEANT

"Quick, sew up that seam!" "Eddie, get your pants on!" "For the last time, Olivia, it's pronounced *l'ambassadeu-u-u,* not *l'ambassader.*" Similar lamentations were to be heard as we stood outside the gym, waiting tensely for the Christmas pageant, *Revels at Elizabeth's Court,* to begin.

"I am standing in my corner as the Christmas pageant is about to begin. I experience many sensations but the main one is that my feet are cold. I back against the radiator to keep from freezing."

Looking over the sea of faces we wonder if they guess how much we've gone through in the past two weeks in order to produce this pageant.

Now! We parade in. After weeks of Miss Mayer's careful elocution lessons the play is on. The first speaker whispers hoarsely, "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes . . ." Miss Mayer groans.

After a long silence the Queen begins. "'Tis true, the bird of dawning singeth all day long." Another groan comes from Miss Mayer.

"Night," whispers a court lady. It is too late. Day is done!

The court dance follows. Then into the stately atmosphere gallops the Lord of Misrule and his followers, the Lusty Guts.

As we came through the door we were anything but confident. Some of us had a terrible feeling that we looked like fools skipping around in that circle.

Wobbly horses cavort and wheel about, while other Lusty Guts play leap-frog and do cartwheels. They all prance out as a jester plays a flute.

The cast catches their breath as the Glee Club sings old Christmas carols. Then the modern dance group performs for the entertainment of the Queen, thus bringing the pageant to a close.

# THE BOYS NEVER HURRIED

This year the seventh and eighth grades enjoyed a weekly social program which lasted a little more than an hour. This program was in effect on Thursday afternoons. It was a P.T.A. project and included many teachers and parents who assisted in the carrying out of the parties.

The social committee got ideas for the afternoon programs from the classes themselves. There was almost a complete attendance on the part of both grades at all of these functions. It is the opinion of the classes that a good idea was followed up by a fine project.

Any Thursday afternoon at 3:30 we would gather in the girls' locker room to comb our hair for the hundredth time. We would experience that queer feeling in our stomachs which meant, "Will I be popular?" Then we would trip into the girls' gym and try to sit as gracefully as possible on the chairs (which were not conducive to graceful appearance). There were exactly two girls to one boy and we girls felt greatly relieved when we were picked. On the other hand, the boys, at 3:30, would walk slowly to the boys' room and wash their hands. Then they would leisurely comb their hair. There were many more girls than boys. Consequently, the boys never hurried.

# WE ARE 86 IN NUMBER

## BUSY 9's HAVE FRUITFUL YEAR

## PROJECTS, CO-ED GYM, HIGHLIGHT YEAR

Take an ample helping of human putty, being sure that it includes some teen-age philosophers, poets, and punsters. Also check for the presence of politicians, orators, glamour girls, animal lovers, and future Olympic Champs. All of these, too, should be at that age when they consider themselves the greatest and most unique creations the world has ever known; i.e., Adolescence. Now blend in a generous amount of humor, especially the kind that laughs at itself, gets into scrapes, and of course, gets out again. Be sure that there is enough remaining to spice up daily conversations and discussions.

Allow these people, the components of your recipe, to have experience in putting out a magazine which never seems to come up to their expectations. Give them a chance to work on committees, to write for *Highlights*, to get on the varsity. Let them feel, even falsely if necessary, that without them the school could not function. Let them take apart an automobile and pull apart each other's English themes. Help them write and produce a play. Encourage them to write a class constitution to see that they're getting a fair deal in student government. Teach boys cooking and let girls loose in the shop. Let them feel that they've made something that no one else could possibly make. Encourage them to stand up for their rights and ideals.

Let the mixture simmer for a year under the constant guidance of teachers who feel like tearing their hair out at every bad turn, but who stick by and prevent the mixture from going to ruin, as it soon would if left to its own devices. Cool it down with diplomatic arguments and promises when it reaches the boiling point. Then, when it is done, take it out. Handle it carefully, for it is fragile and will split to pieces if it is not flattered and encouraged at the right times. Take it, and set it down for the world to see. It is the Class of '48!

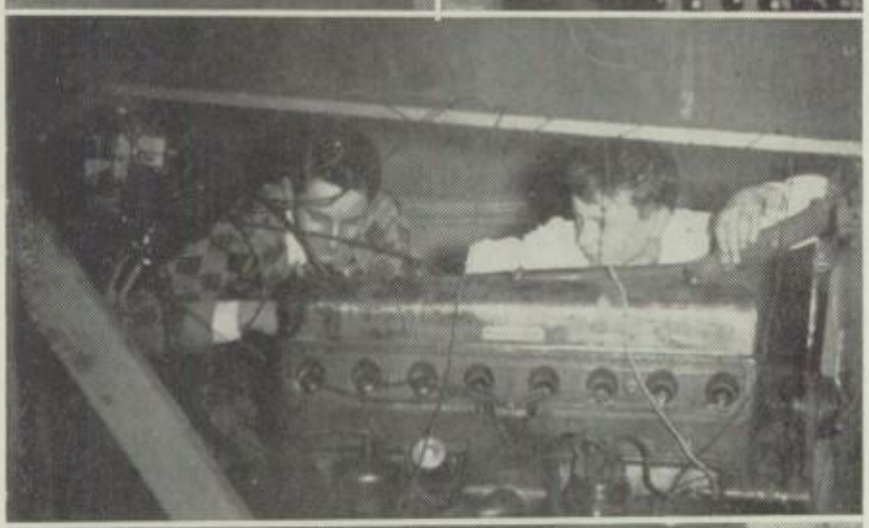
# BUT ONE IN INTEREST

# WE SEEK THE TRUTH

Something has happened to the ninth graders. They are beginning to look around and notice things, little things that they didn't notice before, a little kinky-haired child playing in the gutter, a gaunt hollow-eyed man slouched against the door of a broken-down tenement. We nines are beginning to notice and to wonder. What can we do for them? A few of us went to the Community Club. We made friends with these kids from the neighborhood. We found that they liked what we liked.

We wanted to get at the "whys" of racial prejudice. The Community Center gave us that chance. A large number of HM-L students were needed at the Center. Quite a few ninth graders signed up. All the boys on the swimming team were helping at the pool. The carpenters were helping neighborhood boys make pistols out of slabs of mahogany. The sculptors were in the pottery room helping prevent the little tots from disappearing into the clay.

The small children seemed happy, yet when we saw the traces of poverty, the lack of education, and the bad health conditions in their background we wondered how these things will affect their lives. What will they have to look forward to in the future? How can they get cleaner clothes, better education, and all the good things of life? Why should we be able to live better than the people on the other side of the street? We will continue to search for the answer.



# TEEN-AGE CONFESSIONS

We are all just "teen-agers." When we think it over, we are a little ashamed that we have spent so much of our time admiring movie actors, listening to swing music, and discussing new clothes. Most of the girls were more interested in the possibility of getting invited to the commencement dance than in the possibility of another Dumbarton Oaks conference. This was not true of the boys, for although Bill may have asked Mary Ann out to a movie or a dance, he was still devoting most of his time to his work.

Even though the boys didn't take this phase as seriously as the girls did, the social life of the class increased and was made much more important. Our first class party this year was on Hallowe'en. It was a good chance to get to know our new classmates better and really to enter into the spirit of Hallowe'en, apple on a string, ducking for apples, and fortune telling. The party was a great success. Our next party took place on the night before Christmas vacation. It was another step forward, for it was the first time that we were able to come together in the evening. The social committee (never running out of novel ideas) had arranged for every girl to bring two picnic suppers, one for a boy and the other for herself. The party was a lot of fun and everyone had a good time.

The most radical change in our program came through the gym department. We had co-ed gym once a week, and indulged in roller skating, social dancing, square dancing, and games. This new experiment proved to be very successful (and sometimes amusing). During

*Mostly work and some play*
*help to make a Lincoln day.*

*Miss Baker, Señor Ramos, and company give out in a lighter moment with "El Rancho Grande." Spanish, like many other of our classes, took us out of the Spanish room into Miss Baker's "salon." For "John Brown's Body" we composed and sang our own music. Such sessions as the one shown above were not uncommon in the days preceding our play.*

one of those famous co-recreational periods the ladies and gentlemen of the class were participating in a "walking back-to-back" race. Pat and Pierre were hooked together, walking forward and backward, respectively, at a great pace. They were making excellent time when suddenly Pierre sat down. One thing led to another and, before we knew it, the great Chuck Krasne had Pat in his arms! This was purely for reasons of transportation, however. A broken ankle made it somewhat awkward for her to reach the Health Office by herself.

So, with parties, dancing school, and co-ed gym, we ninth graders are gradually becoming adjusted to a more prominent social life. Although at this stage it is still something quite new to us, we will have learned to take it in our stride by the time we enter the Senior High School and are faced with new and more important problems.

# WE RE-ENACT THE CIVIL WAR

"What are we going to do on the body today?"—"Margie's looking for you with a shotgun!"—"My bones have been washed clean. . . ." Sounds like the morgue, doesn't it? But no, it's only "John Brown's Body" in production.

If "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players," the ninth grade performance of "Freedom Song" was really a repeat performance of the Civil War and how it affected different classes of people. Its world premiere was on the pages of "John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benét; and it played in the minds of those who read the book. It was in "Freedom Song," however, that for the first time the characters were set down in a script and given definite lines to say. But it is easier to set down words and leave their development to the imagination of your readers than it is to produce a play from a hint here, a word here, and a verse there, which is actually what we had to do.

When we started to write a script, it was discovered that none of us aspiring (and perspiring) young playwrights had ever read the book, and that we didn't know John Brown from Methuselah. Disregarding these small trifles, we set to work. For weeks the air was full of "by crackys," So'thn drawls, and wisps of greying hair torn out of frenzied heads. We had voted to dramatize "John Brown's Body" because we felt that it gave the best picture we had yet seen of the Civil War, even though we were warned that it would mean writing the script ourselves. It wasn't as easy as we had thought.

*PREPARATION . . .*

# WE LEARN WHO JOHN BROWN IS

Some scenes were lifted out of the book with little or no revision, while others had to be dreamed up out of thin air. Finally the script was finished and approved by the class.

Casting was done and sets started. The music committee worked frantically, trying to compose music for those between-scenes spots when the audience takes time out to rehash the latest gossip. Costumes were begun, and girls could be heard whispering in the halls, "I've got the duckiest costume. It's simply out of this world." The props committee made a series of impassioned pleas, and people began coming to school with such things as antique six-foot muskets and oil lamps, borrowed from trusting relatives. The new panel-board came, and we had the honor of knowing that we would be the first class to use it. Parts were learned and rehearsed at odd times. It became a common sight to see Whitney mumbling to himself, "My bones have been washed clean. . . ."

The great day drew closer and closer. Costumes were finished, and girls could be found gazing into any available mirror. Hammers were stilled, and the last sets were carted down to the auditorium. The delicate odor of set glue, prevalent on the 4th floor when there is a production, was finally gone. The production came—and passed. It surpassed even our wildest expectations (the good ones, of course). Now all that are left to us are memories—pleasant ones.

*. . . PRESENTATION*

# COUNCIL, COMMITTEES

## HOMEWORK, CLIQUES, UNPOPULAR

It's hard to think of ourselves as a class. We are eighty-eight separate individuals. As a class we are pretty conceited. We're loud and sure of ourselves. We generally agree that we are the best grade in the school.

We seldom allow an important matter to receive our O.K. without close scrutiny, even if we argue in circles in the process. Once we're solidly behind a project though, like last year's production of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, we see it through wholeheartedly and resourcefully.

Socially we are divided. Our class is much too large to have every member at any single party. There is a certain social clique which predominates at the social functions. Unfortunately, a portion of the male element in the class would rather sit at home with a good book instead of going to the parties. When a big school dance comes around you'll see nearly all of us there in awesome strength.

Since the two older grades have a monopoly on major and minor offices, most of the committee members have come from our grade. A lot of the dirty work is palmed off on us, as the older members of the committees are too busy with other things.

One of our class's outstanding characteristics is its interest in Council meetings. We attend Council meetings, sit on the sidelines, and wonder about the intricate workings of our student government. Sometimes one of us dares to contribute to the discussions. Unfortunately this does not happen enough.

Many of our boys are varsity letter men. We have others who just try hard. When HM-L captures that triple crown you can be sure the tens had something to do with it.

Our girls are as active as the boys in athletics. When not cavorting about on the playing field they may be seen at the boys' games cheering them on. Sometimes the girls attend because their personal "he-men" are playing.

# BOLSTERED BY TENS

School work centers around Stolper and the autobiographies. Twenty years from now it might be a pleasure to look back and think how brilliant we were at this age to produce such masterpieces of autobiographies. Right now it is an awful headache, this sitting down and in one night trying to write thirty overdue pages that should have been in weeks ago.

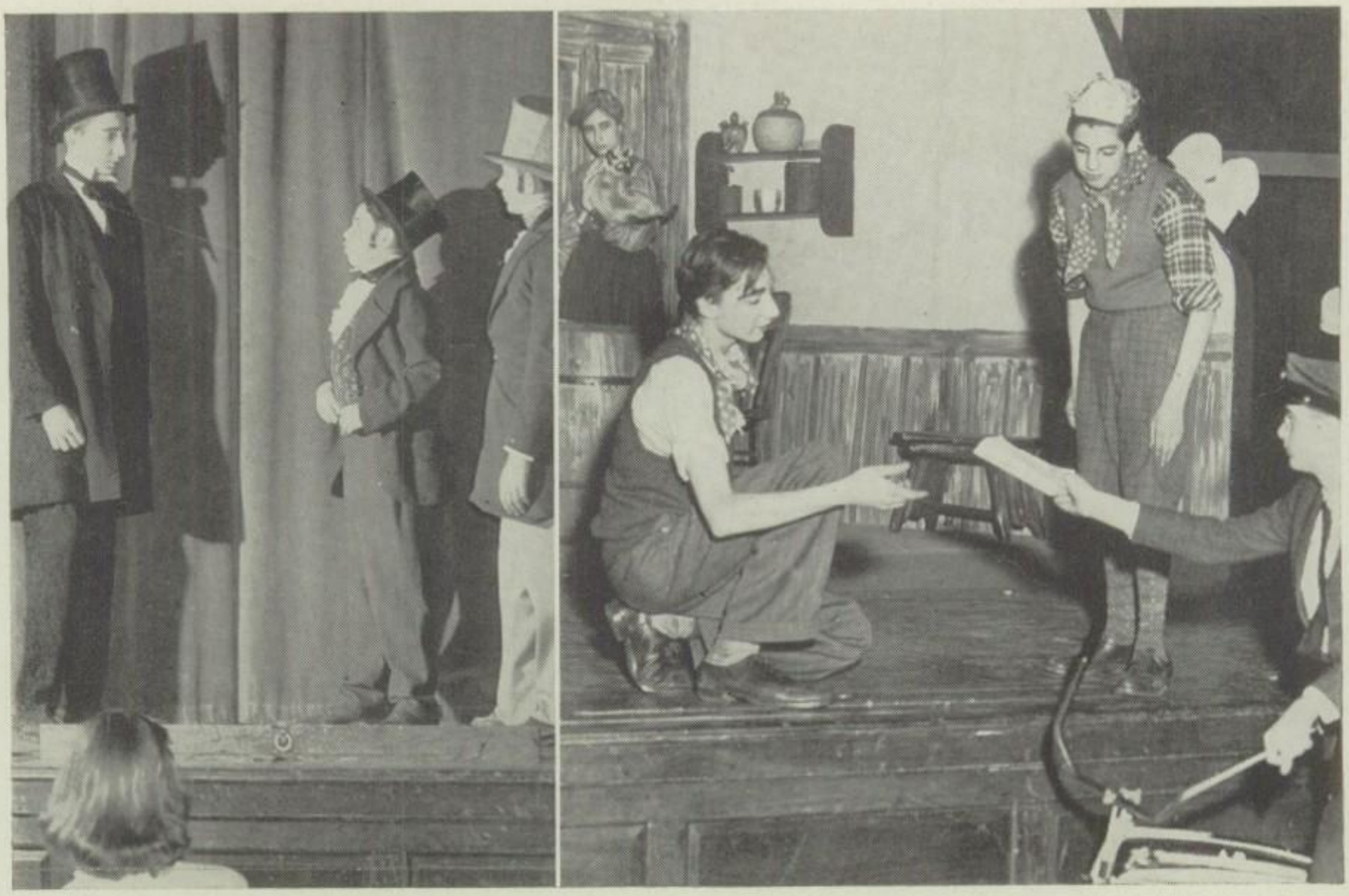
In all, if we were asked to sum up our grade we'd probably say, "We're bigger, louder, and better than all the rest."

## TODAY'S TENS ARE TOMORROW'S TEAMS

When the Seniors leave the varsity teams this year they leave them in good hands. This year's soccer squad was spurred on to their amazing record by three tenth grade regulars, a few assorted substitutions, and a partly used second-hand manager. The girls were really in there pitching too on the hockey field. The tenth grade girls are as fine an athletic group as HM-L has ever seen. In future years these boys and girls will hold down their half of the varsity and J. V. basketball teams as they have done so well this year.

In swimming the boys shoot into the limelight, if not by quality. Name it and you can have it. A 220 man? A backstroker? A breaststroker or even a half drowned diver? If the girls had a swimming team it is certain that tenth grade girls would make a big splash too, but as it is they have a walloping good time walloping a "wolley" ball.

Looking on to spring, our boys and girls turn to thoughts of love sets in tennis and shut-outs on the diamond. The girls' softball and tennis teams are also tenth grade affairs which is good insurance of a successful season. Today's tens are tomorrow's teams, so watch out! Here we come!



*(above left) "Abe" Uviller and Marty Miller talk things over in a scene from "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."*

*(above right) "Papa" Uviller and "son" Ed Berey get the bad news from Bob Cornish in "My Heart's in the Highlands."*

# WE ROAMED INTO THE LAND OF GIANTS

Our attitude toward schoolwork is not one of particular interest. Most of us are satisfied with getting our homework in on time and having a vague idea what the teacher is talking about in class. However, we do have some class geniuses who argue like expert scientists in biology class while the rest of us listen in awe.

Our core course is very interesting. We are trying to understand ourselves, our development, our "problems," and our friends. We have roamed into the land of giants and midgets and other fantastic creations, and we have done some imaginative writing. We have slaved over our autobiographies. Some enjoy it because of the reminiscing, while others work at it from the psychological standpoint. The latter people are rather tired of themselves by now. Perhaps the idea of the course is to make us let off steam about ourselves so that we won't be selfish any more, but will become interested in other people.

# WE LOVED TO TELL EACH OTHER OUR TROUBLES

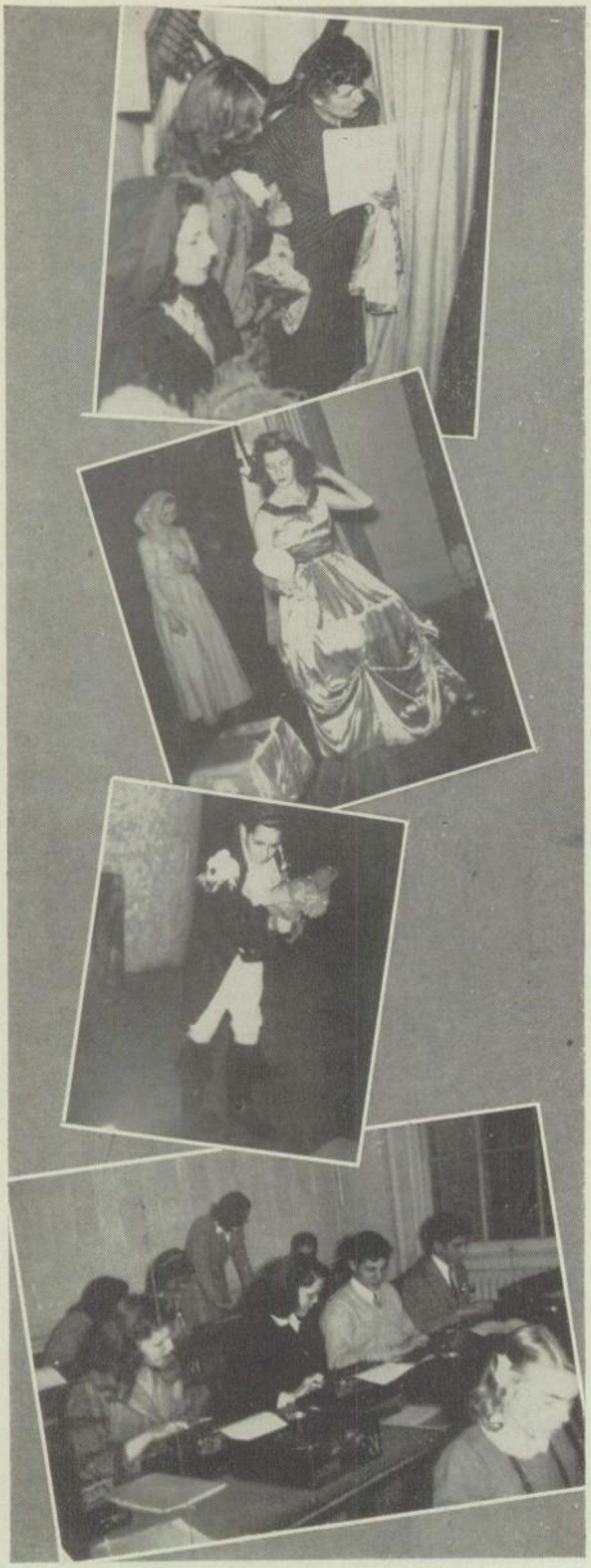
# MANY TIMES WE TALKED ABOUT SCHOOL

We have various other courses too. Most of us take geometry, in which we are acquiring the habit of proving everything we say. Some practical and brilliant people turn in fantastically neat papers, with super-accurate graphs drawn in colored crayons, while some are more interested in theory and discuss the fourth dimension very learnedly.

We also study foreign languages, delighting particularly in speaking French to those who don't take it. (They don't notice our mistakes.) Then there are art, cooking, sewing, and typing. We love to tell each other our troubles with timed tests, sewing seams, or working out perspective. We divide into cliques according to what electives we take, and gossip most of the time when we should be working. This is a capital way of making friends but our work isn't greatly benefited by it.

We have varied interests in the academic field so that each of us enjoys at least one of our courses. We're all learning a great deal in this critical part of our lives and we shall be more interesting people because of it.

*"My Heart's in the Highlands."*



*At the Neighborhood Center: we gave our cues in French.*

# ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

Our social picture is a varied one. Its pros and cons are subjects of much heated discussion in our class.

The main fault of our class, in the eyes of most of us, is the presence of cliques or social sets. There are some people who get invited to nearly every party, some who belong to the more or less in-between group, and there are some who hardly ever go to parties. It is almost impossible not to have such groups in such a large class, but they need not have the strong social importance that they do. Even those in the most powerful and popular set are rather dissatisfied because there isn't enough mixing or games at the numerous parties which they attend. Most of us feel that a party is a place for having a good time with a lot of people. Unfortunately, our parties are not what they should be. Perhaps our class social life is ready for a general upheaval. Many people think that the sooner this comes the better it will be for all.

The picture isn't really as dreary as this makes it seem. First of all, we have weekly social periods at which we have social dances, square dances, and roller skating. Several amazing mixers which spring from Chief's fertile brain help make these social periods a success. Nearly all of us attend class and school parties, although some of our males have to be persuaded to come (by no gentle means of persuasion). Although we have a good time at the parties, we'd like them better if less emphasis were placed on dancing.

Altogether our social aspect is fair, but by no means good. There is much room for improvement, but this improvement may come very soon if the anger of our class over the present situation is any indication.

# COUNCIL WAS OUR MEAT— THE REFERENDUM BILL WAS INTRODUCED BY ONE OF US

Student government is one thing that we have gone into in a big way. Not that we exactly run the school, but we do play a large part in its government. Many people in our class want to have a say in the government, and many of them have it. There is always a hot contest for the different offices and committee posts.

Although some claim that the Council members of the tenth grade are a bit laconic and were elected only because of their popularity, they do manage to represent the class interests. Many times they are assisted at Council meetings by visiting members of our class.

The Student Referendum Bill that was added this year to the by-laws was introduced by one of us.

Job limitation made a number of us give up extra jobs to the clamoring jobless. Proportional representation, when annexed to the constitution, gave us an additional member on Council.

The class has instructed the Council members to report to the different home rooms the morning after a Council meeting and give an itemized account of everything that was discussed in the meeting.

We believe our interest and alertness in the matter of student government will reap a rich reward when we assume the leadership of the school.

*(top) At the Canteen: Cornish gave his cue a little English. (center) Hahn and Elliott working with the new panel board. (bottom) Goodman beats out some jive.*

# NEXT YEAR'S SENIORS

## CLASS INTERESTS WELL BALANCED

### GROUPS FORMED BY COMMON INTEREST

Next year we shall be Seniors. To many of us this seems far away. As yet we have not looked too seriously at the future. We have our dreams of tomorrow, but our actions show that we are primarily concerned with our daily affairs.

Like so many other grades in the school, our class has students who have come from all over the world. However, there are still some hardy souls to be found who have come all the way through HM-L. It was in the ninth grade that we saw the greatest number of new students enter our class. In the following two years, the old and the new were well combined into the compound we call the class of '46.

### WE LIKE TO WORK AND PLAY TOGETHER

We have a strong class spirit. We like to work and play together as a group. Last year the whole class pitched in and helped paint and redecorate a nursery in Harlem. We got a lot of satisfaction from this undertaking.

We have attended and participated in radio broadcasts, Foreign Policy meetings, and inter-school panels. Participating in these discussions has made us feel that there is a definite relationship between the 11th grade of HM-Lincoln and the rest of the world.

Every month and a half or so, we have a class party. Several times we have accomplished the seemingly impossible by getting every boy and girl to a party (and they've had a good time too).

### OUR INTERESTS ARE DIVERSIFIED

We have a strong individual and small-group spirit also, for our interests are diversified. Some of us claim to be genuinely interested in intellectual pursuits, while others make no such claims. A lot of us feel strongly about athletics and put our feelings into action. The boys have been well represented on the soccer team. This year our class scored over half the team's points. One of our boys set a new scoring record. The majority of the tennis team are Juniors. Basketball, modern dancing, and hockey have the greatest appeal for the girls, who go in for sports as earnestly as the boys.

# WE HAVE OUR DREAMS

## 11's HAVE EXPERIENCE—SPIRIT

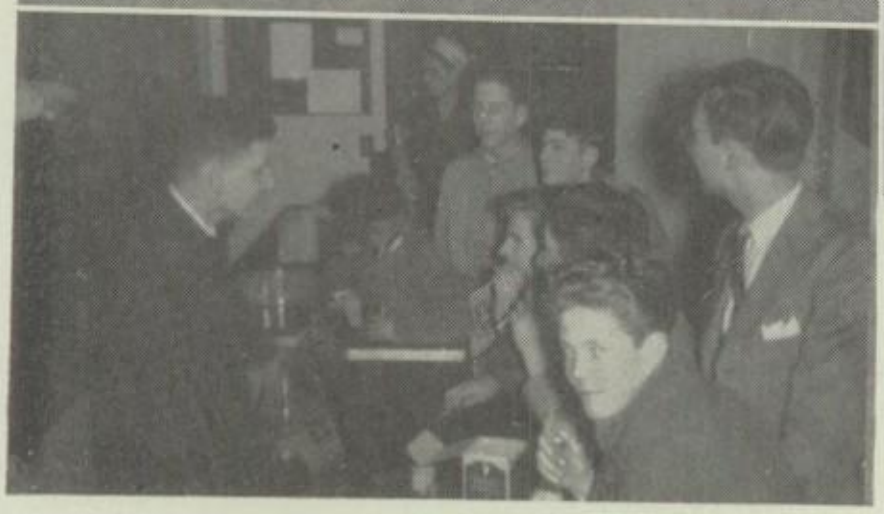
## OUR WORK TOOK US OUTSIDE OF HM-L

Student government and the student activities program hold a lot of interest for many of us. Some of the class have deep feelings for music and art, while others are not so esthetically inclined. We have a few budding chemists in our midst; at least they break enough equipment to be considered as such. A lot of the boys consider themselves wolves and howl at the girls. Many of the girls enjoy being howled at.

## MORE REALITY NEEDED IN OUR THOUGHTS

We cannot consider ourselves a single unit of 44 people, with complete harmony of thought and desires on all subjects. Our class is divided into three main groups, grouped by common interests. These groups are not cliques, because many friendships have been built up among members of different groups. One group might be considered as the "intellectuals." Those kids enjoy common interests in the higher, abstract points of life. Another group is the "athletes and socialites." They place the emphasis on athletics and other robust forms of entertainment. The third group takes in a bit of each in an attempt to strike a happy medium.

As a class we have not yet resigned ourselves to the fact that the greater part of the school responsibility will fall into our hands next year. However, we have the talent and the desire to be good leaders, and when the moment arrives, our class will come through for the school and for ourselves.



*SUSTENANCE . . .*

*(above) Food for thought.*
*(below) Just food.*

# 11's SHOWED SPIRIT

We are forty-four molecules joined together to make one compound called the eleventh grade. Each molecule of us is composed of several different atoms, different elements, different qualities. We're a varied group and we make a unique compound. There isn't another one exactly like us in the whole world. Not all of the parts are in agreement. Sometimes they struggle against each other and try to pull away from the whole, but they find they can't, because they are all part of one thing. They are tied together by a force called class unity. Another word for it is class spirit. . . .

You can't make a diagram of class spirit. You can't define it like a word in the dictionary, saying that it is this and that and the other. You can't explain it very well. It's just one of those things that exist and it is very important although it isn't tangible like snow or food or the quadratic formula.

Class spirit is the thing that made us all pitch in and work on painting and decorating a nursery in Harlem last spring. We streaked the walls with an artistic unevenness, reflecting the diversified talents

*STRENGTH . . .*

*(above) Alice Kross totes Ellen Spero. (right) Nancy Frankel administers a wallop to John Simon. It's in "Yeoman of the Guard."*

# IN SPORTS, PROJECTS

of the class. We created sinuous, asymmetrical cupboards. But in spite of the unique blending of blue molding with yellow walls, our job was considered a good one.

Class spirit is the thing that makes some of us worry about the uneven number of boys and girls, makes us try to think of something that can be done about it. Class spirit is the thing that makes us glad, all together, when one of the fellows makes a lot of points in a game, or when one of the girls gets a good part in a play. We like the idea that we're doing a lot of different things. We're happy when the "right" person asks someone to a dance. We all get excited when one of us goes to Washington for the Inauguration, or when some of us are on a broadcast, or when one of us composes the music for a school play.

Class spirit is a funny thing. It means a lot of different things. It means getting mad at not having enough of it. It means getting excited about Council in class meetings. It means getting behind something and making it a success. It means having the same tests and the same experiences to talk about and enjoying the togetherness of common remembrances.

# WE'VE STARTED SOME BIG THINGS

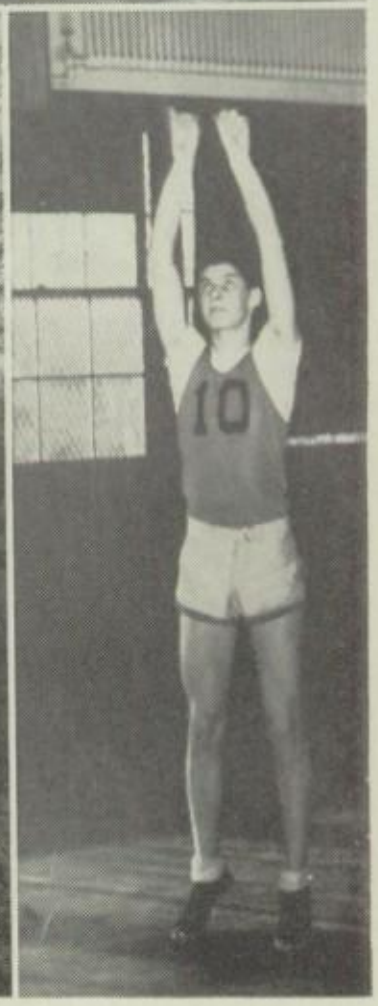
## SCHELL BROKE GOAL RECORD

When you read a newspaper, all you read is the headlines and items about the big problems. You rarely see the "human" side. For instance, you can't imagine the feeling that "Gustav" had when he kicked his looping, bouncing goal against Columbia Grammar, or when Bert scored his first two points of the season against Barnard. When Davies scored the first goal of the season against Horace Mann, you couldn't have found a happier man in the world. Imagine the surprise Balaban had when he scored against Brooklyn's bow-legged goalie. Confidential sources report that Bill's heart stopped when he scored his ninth goal against Hackley.

The Juniors scored sixteen of the thirty points kicked through opponents' goal-posts, and that's one record we are very proud of.

## REMBRANDTS PAINT POSTERS

The Drama Club, the Glee Club, and the related Theater Arts courses are frequented by a large number of our class. Though we have no exceptional talents among us, our class forms a large part of the group backbone needed for those activities. Til Brunswick has twice been president of the Drama Club. One of our boys has had several important roles in both Drama and Glee Club productions. Continuing in the artistic vein, our embryonic Rembrandts do a lot of the school's art and poster work.



*(above) Ed Carroll makes like a bird. (right) Soccer players: Gavrilovic and Balaban standing; Davies and Schell kneeling. Fainberg and his "Fasdue" basketball shot.*

# AND WE FINISH WHAT WE START

## SOCIAL ROOM, COMMUNITY CENTER, EXCELLENT EXAMPLES

Eleventh graders are fairly well represented on the Community Center staff. Service Committee-man Charles Reich has been one of the guiding lights in this important neighborhood program. Another extra-curricular project which has received our support is the Canteen (commonly known as the D.C.F.M.O.). Several members of our class have been on the various committees and our class treasurer was made treasurer of the Canteen.

Our group plays an active part in student government. This year several of the school's high offices were in our hands. The Vice-President of the Council, the chairman of the Co-op Board, the chairman of the School Improvement Committee, and the head of the Lighting Committee are all Juniors. Bruce Davies, the leader of the newly organized Boys' Athletic Board, is an 11th grader. Many of us go in for committee work, the School Improvement Committee getting a large amount of our time and effort.

Following along in this eulogy, it is only fair to mention that our class was the force behind reviving the Social Room. A committee of 11th graders presented plans for the new Social Room and then went ahead and put these plans into action.

So far this record implies that our halos are on quite tightly. Don't get the wrong idea. When the day of reckoning comes, many of us will probably head for warmer climates, along with the rest of the gang.

*(above) Science in class. (below) Science at cards*

# THE FINAL YEAR

It was 7:00 P. M. and Lincoln was dark. In the sixth floor gym the wind whistled through the gratings. The baskets cast weird shadows on the backboard. One by one the myriads of city lights flashed on. City noises and the wind merged in eerie combinations. In the shadows a dark figure stood. It pulled its coat around its shoulders and looked at the dark gym. The figure sat silently and then blew its nose and wiped its eyes. It was sad. A lonesome horn honked in the distant street below. The rattling gym doors seemed to talk: "Grad-u-a-tion, grad-u-a-tion."

The black figure thought to itself, "It's all over. High school is finished. . . . So many people I wanted to know. . . . So many things I wanted to do. . . . Too late." The wind blew louder.

"The whistling wind . . . whistling . . . somewhere . . . far in the distant past . . . somewhere . . . a whistle . . . a whistle."

Bob was whistling. We trudged slowly up the hill towards Broadway. The air was cold. The overcast sky gave the streets a dreary appearance. It had been a tough day in school and I was tired. We both walked, heads lowered, thinking about the game next Friday, our school work, the kids in the class. Bob finally broke the silence.

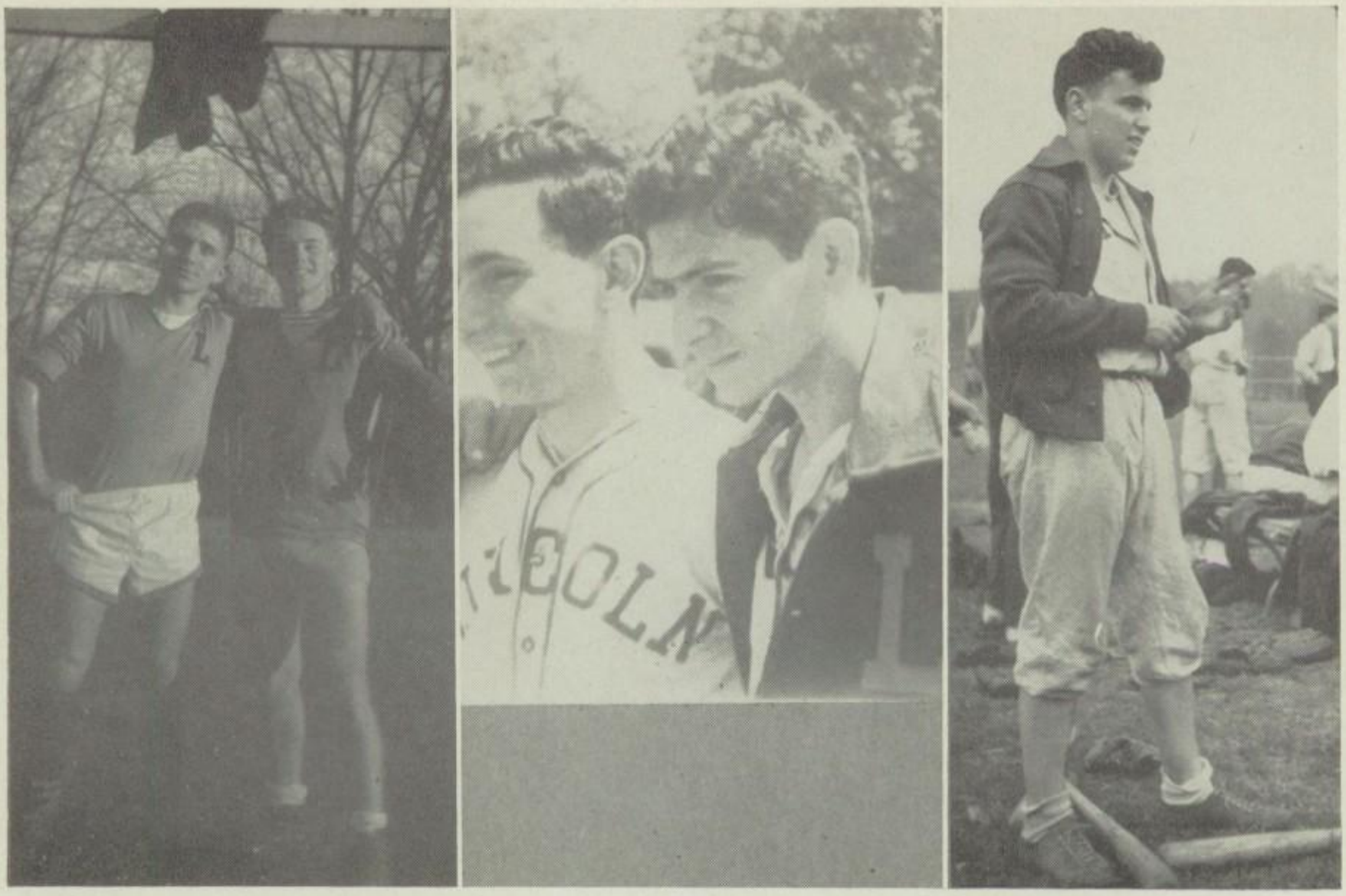
"Going to the dance on the 28th?"

"How you jest, man. I wouldn't miss it."

"Dances are a heck of a lot more fun this year."

We turned the corner and headed toward the subway station. We talked about girls and dates and the fun a gang of us had had at the zoo. We wondered about our chances in the M.A.A.P.S.—the pinwheel and the double-pivot attack might be just the thing to win it for us.

When we reached the station we stopped. It was still early, so we decided to talk. The light mood of our conversation suddenly disappeared. We began to talk about the war. Bob told me about his cousin who was overseas and of the letters he wrote home. We talked about our experiences and about our ideas, our ambitions for the future. Before we knew it an hour had slipped by.



*(left) Elsen and Malone, first two in school's history to win four soccer letters. (center) Rivlin and Berg. Hot sun—hot baseball game. (right) Bob Boyer as we remember him in baseball.*

"Golly, it's getting late. I'd better be going."

As he departed, Bob extended his hand.

"So long, Charlie. It's been great talking with you."

We shook hands and he smiled gently. Something happened inside me. A surge of emotion swelled up within me and stuck in my throat. I smiled back. Then I turned and entered the subway station.

## THE FIRST DAY WAS ALWAYS STRANGE

The first day was always strange. The room number posted near the elevator meant little. It was the faces in the room when you arrived that mattered. Some were the same faces. Some were new. Some of the old faces had gone out of your life, maybe forever. . . . I felt lost. I looked around at the sea of strange faces. They all seemed so secure, whispering and giggling. I sought a chair. A voice cracked out at me like a whiplash. "My dear girl," it said, "are you a two-year-old or merely an idiot? If you see there is not a chair to be had, for Heaven's sake go out and get one." That was my first introduction to progressive education and Mr. Stolper. . . .

# WE MADE DISCOVERIES

We didn't have to stand up when we spoke in class. The doors had springs on them and didn't slam. My name appeared in *Highlights* for the first time. . . . I walked up the staircase, trying to grip the steps firmly with my feet, to get the full savor of Lincoln. . . . I discovered that I could run half the length of the hall and slide the rest of the way to the shop. . . . I've been absent for over a week. I walk through school feeling a bit strained, wondering whether to release the broad smile that comes as each familiar face is seen. Lunch time comes and goes, and I'm part of the group once more. . . .

"Hey, Pippa, for goodness sake, wait! What's the hurry?"

"Well, I'm simply starving. I haven't had a thing to eat all day —except lunch."

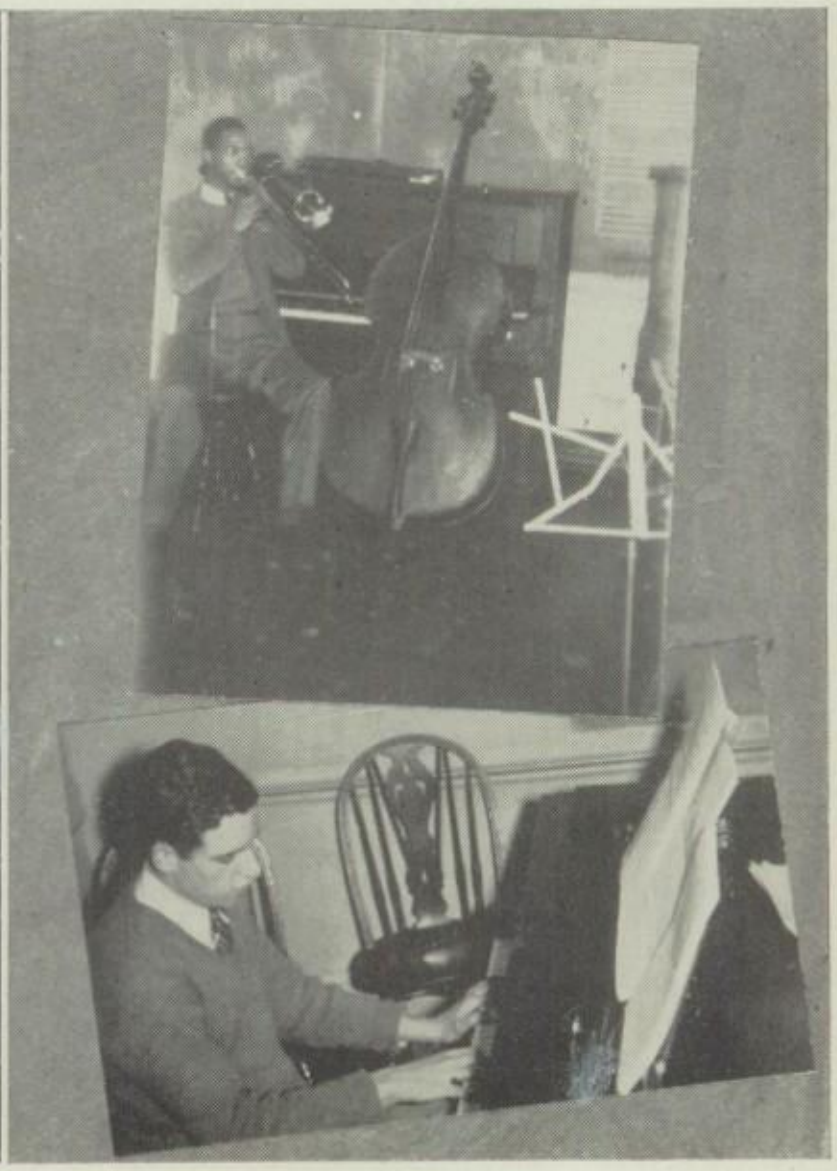
"Look at Kell and Irene. They're absolutely nuts. That hop is a very becoming way of walking, girls!"

"Listen, Laurel Ager, don't you talk that way about me. I am graceful. I am a ballet dancer."

"Oh, Fasdue. At least you kids can open the door for me. Look at all the books I'm carrying!"

We go into Muller's, the door banging loudly behind us. We sit down, dropping our books all over the floor.

*Nina Dunkel, Howie Bowe, Jay Meltzer—Music Masters.*



"I'd like vanilla fudge ice-cream with strawberry and marshmallow sauce, and whipped cream and nuts, please, and *please*, Henry, please don't forget the cherry."

"Listen, hey. Shall we call him again?"

"Don't be silly. He won't be home yet."

"Who are you calling?"

"Can't tell you. We're sworn to secrecy."

"Oh, don't be silly. We won't tell a soul."

"Shall we tell them, hey?"

"Well, only half."

"Oh, come on. Tell us."

"All right. Well, you know the Girls' Drag is coming, and . . . "

## WE HAD PLENTY OF FUN AND PLENTY OF TROUBLE

Time wasted . . . gossip told . . . *Punch* read . . . ardent reactionaries drinking in the pages of the *New Republic* . . . the voice of Miss Eaton, "Keep quiet or go somewhere else." . . .

"Where were you seventh period yesterday? Why didn't you sign out? Don't you know that seniors must be responsible? Can't you people set a good example for the rest of the school?" . . .

Andy and Jim playing floor hockey with a blackboard eraser. . . .

Fourteen of nine. Late again! I give Miss Daringer a winning smile. She smiles back and it's the smile of death. I stumble to my seat. "Oh well, it's only fifty lines now. . . ."

*HIGHLIGHTS—Ragozin*
*Posing*

*PORTFOLIO—Naughton*
*Printing*

*LINCOLNIAN—Elsen*
*Pruning*

Addition, subtraction, deriving square roots or formulas—always amnesia, cold sweat, desperation—look at the clock—resignation—out the window—The park looks nice. It'll be spring soon. . . .

I love to sit by a window in 314 after lunch. Behind me the boys and girls are laughing. The cool breeze blows in on me. I watch the seventh graders play softball in the courtyard. . . .

## BEST COAT, BEST SHOES, BEST TIE

My best coat, my best shoes, my best tie—they scream "DATE" all around me. I feel as though the elevator man is snickering. Guiltily, I give her floor number. . . .

"Come on, fellows, just nine more pages and we'll have finished our masterpiece."

"But John, it's nine o'clock. At least we should call the girls and tell them we'll be two hours late."

"Quiet, fool! Let 'em suffer!" . . .

I felt strange and lost. Each record played had some special meaning to everyone but me. People spoke to me and I didn't know their names. . . .

The dancing stopped. "Ready, Charles?" Boyer stood poised for an instant, then hurled himself into Charlie's arms. They both collapsed amid the cheers of the onlookers. . . .

Nancy started. . . . "You can't get t' heaven." . . . It was Al's turn. . . . "In a Ford V-8." . . . We sang and the fire crackled. . . . We harmonized "I've Been Working on the Railroad." . . . It was an atmosphere of red fire, old songs, and friendliness. . . .

Girls' choice. . . . I knew it was a mistake to choose Lenny. He talks to the boys, up there, and I chat busily with the girls, down here. Oh, well. . . .

"Ginny and Tom will start a multiplication dance. . . ." Everyone has been chosen but me. No one knows me or cares. I shuffle busily through the records, blinking hard. Dimly I see a crew-cut approach. "Dance?" . . .

"Cut."

"Hello."

"Hi! How are you?"

"Listen, if you don't tell a soul, I'll tell you something."

"I won't. Please!"

"Well-l-l, don't tell anyone, but Al is leaving in March."

"Don't tell anyone! Listen, I was the one who told you! Remember?" . . .

The party is over. The boys get together.

"I could fly home tonight."

"Come off the ceiling, Ben."

"Let's go, fellows. It's late."

"Always in a hurry, Ed."

"Oh, this was the perfect evening." . . .

It was the first and last time I wore a long dress. A senior danced with me—cheek to cheek. I was shocked. I was pleased.

"Stardust" is ending; the year is ending. The strains of the music grow softer, fainter. You try to grab them, hold them, but they slip away like water. . . .

We always ended up at Howard Johnson's. She always paid.

*On the set of "Winterset," our class play. Berg, Mann, Davis, and Meltzer emote.*

# THAT FIRST DATE

My stomach was not even upside down; it was non-existent. I felt worse, much worse, than before a test. I was in the seventh grade. The first date. I remember roller skating, going to the Automat and then to see "Northwest Passage." After all my mother's instructions I forgot to ask him for supper and we parted unromantically between two grocery delivery carts on Madison Avenue. . . .

It was a wonderful movie. I'd meant to see it all along, but I never dreamed he'd take me—he wouldn't have asked me unless he had wanted to take me. But maybe his mother paid him. . . .

We walked solemnly through the park. However, we were both so filled with young spirit that we started rolling down hills like a couple of puppies. . . .

Everything we wanted to say seemed to come outside the door of my house. We stood there in the cold talking endlessly about people we knew, religion, school, our childhood ambitions, and the deeper feelings we had. This was the real part of the date. . . .

We go to the Bronx Zoo. . . . We look at the animals. . . . They look at us. . . . Everybody is happy. . . .

# CHAMPIONS

My whole being wants us to win. It's the last quarter; Al makes a basket. I yell, I jump. I pound Suzanne frantically. The whistle blows. Hysterically I hug someone. We won! . . .

The subway car was filled with boys, girls, basketball uniforms, and books. The air was hot with triumph. We had won. In the center of the car several boys crowded together singing, "Lay that pistol down, babe!" The onlooking passengers smiled. . . .

You're out there on the basketball court. This is what you've been waiting for. "Lincoln vs. Staten Island for the M. A. A. P. S. championship." Boy, it sounds good! "Lincoln —champions!" You talk it up. "Come on. . . . What do you say. . . . Let's go. . . . Let's go!" You shake your arms a little in a vain effort to relieve the tenseness but it does no good. You're scared. . . . There's the whistle! The tap! You grab at the ball and it bounces off your rigid fingers. A Staten Island boy recovers it and cages a lay-up. You groan.

You become conscious of the crowd. The whole school seems to have turned out. . . . You pass the ball to Bob. . . . Charlie yells, "Watch number 8!" That's your man. Gosh, he's big, must be six foot two, or even. . . . Al shoots. You jump as the ball falls short, but number 8 is a split second

*Seniors in action . . . on four fronts.*

ahead of you. . . . The whistle blows. "Substitution!" You walk slowly to the bench. "Nice game." Yeah, you played swell! You sit down and watch Bob sink a long one. . . .

It's the second quarter and the score is tied. You're hoarse. You find yourself whispering, "Come on, Len. Give it to 'em, Al!" . . . How much more time? . . . We're behind now. . . . We can't lose; we just can't . . . thirty seconds, twenty, ten. . . . Foul! Len's been fouled and we're one point behind, one point. "Please make it, Len. . . . Please! Please!" . . . The ball's in the air. . . . "Please!" . . . It's in! "Overtime!"

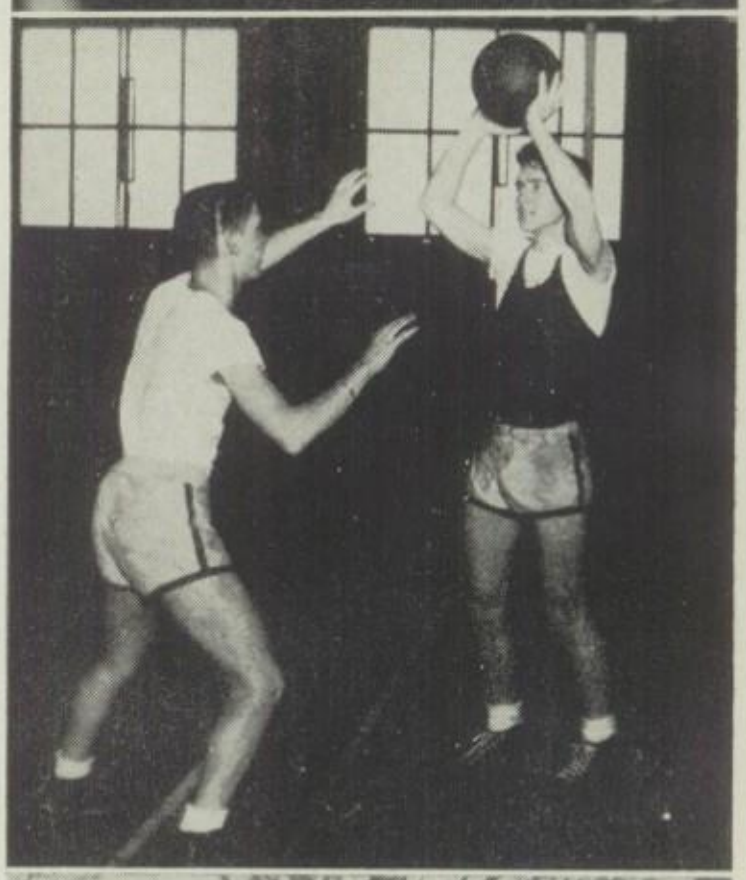
"Lincoln—champions!" Boy, it sounds good. You talk it up. "Let's go. . . . Let's go!"

"Stop him! Don't let him shoot! Stop him! Oh, gosh! Oh, No! No!"

It's over. Lincoln's been beaten. One of the guys is crying. You sit there and stare at the floor.

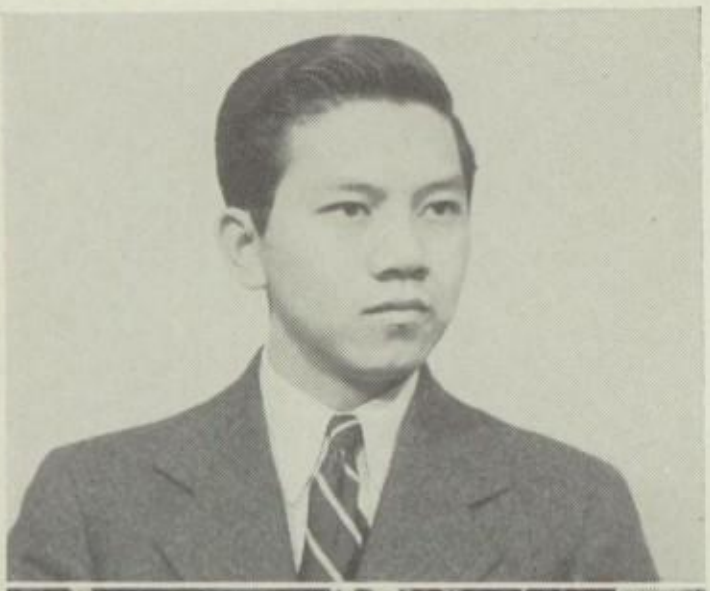
## A THOUSAND EXPECTANT EYES

I entered the auditorium. It was empty. I walked slowly down the aisle. Nothingness surrounded me. In the complete silence my footsteps sounded like an army of marching men. The shadows of the curtain made weird impressions on the floor. I hopped upon the stage and turned to face my audience. . . . The big black pit glistened with a thousand expectant eyes. The old tan curtain swayed in the background. I was terrified. . . . There had been a time when I was just tall enough to reach the high windowsills. Now I am so tall that I can sit on them. I can stand up here on the stage and talk to the audience. I can talk without being afraid at all. . . . "Lay that pistol down, babe." That's it! The quartet! . . . Al and Charlie gazing at the ceiling, hoping to find the high notes there. . . . Leonard's falsetto. . . . The little circle in which Jay walks when he gets disgusted or hits a sour note. . . .



*(above) Hale and hearty basketballers, before the injuries set in. (below) Soccer's seniors.*

# AS LONG AS WE CAN REMEMBER



"Come, take them up. They must not lie here." The play was over. . . . Slowly I closed the curtain, realizing that this was the perfect ending of an unforgettable experience. . . . Conferences with Mr. Mirick about college when he would rock in his chair, yawn, and contentedly puff pipe smoke into our faces. . . . They walk down the aisle to "Pomp and Circumstance." A few can't keep back their tears. The pastel dresses and white pants all dissolve into one mass of color. I can't quite believe they're the same kids I knew so well. . . . The Seniors were standing in a circle holding hands. They were singing "Auld Lang Syne." Margie was crying. "Next year. . . ." I thought. The singing stopped, the dance was over, and the Seniors were gone. . . .

"The Seniors were gone." The dark figure, huddled in the corner of the sixth floor gym, looked up. He had been lost in the past. He looked out at the dark city and stretched his arms. He had grown stiff. He walked over to the iron grating and looked out at the stars. He was still sad. Tomorrow he would leave Lincoln and go out into the world.

The wind blew on his cheeks. He took a deep breath of the cool night air. It felt good, tingling, exciting. With steps which echoed and re-echoed in the silent gym he paced over to a basket. He looked at the corner where he had been sitting, the corner of memories. He thought, "The parties . . . the dates . . . the games . . . the friendships . . . they aren't past. They still live. As long as I can remember Lincoln School they will live on in my memory. They will not die."

He smiled. He was happy now. "As long as I can remember. . . ." He walked to the door, pushed it opened, and walked out of the gym.

*Henry thinking, Steve delving, classmates working, a new approach to physics . . . memories that linger on.*

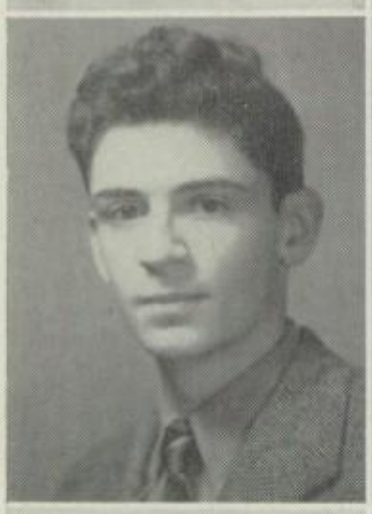
LAUREL AGER

MARCIA BROWN

EDITHJANE ARNOLD

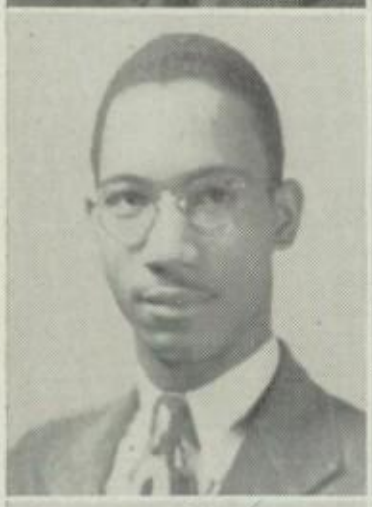
DORIS CARROLL

ROBERT BERG



STEPHANIE CLAMAN

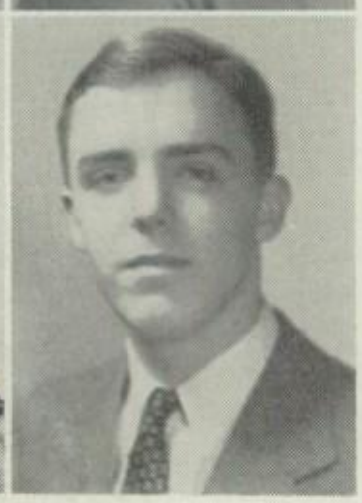
HOWARD BOWE



BARBARA DAVIDSON

ROBERT BOYER

CURTIS DAVIS

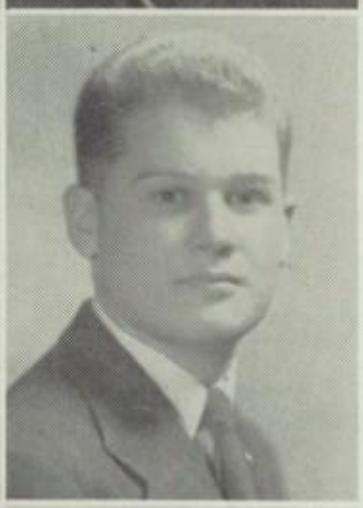


TOM DINELL

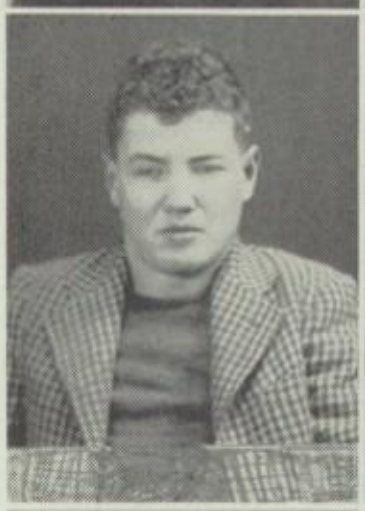
HENRY ENG

NINA DUNKEL

JAMES FOWLER



STEPHEN DUNN



NANCY FRANKEL

CHARLES EATON

ENID FRIEDMAN

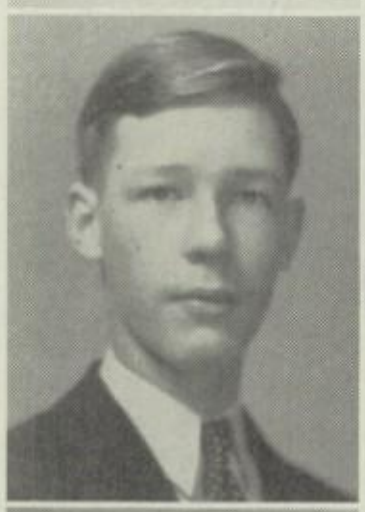
ALBERT ELSEN

PHYLLIS GAHMAN

FRANCOISE HAHN

ALICE KROSS

WALTER HILLIS



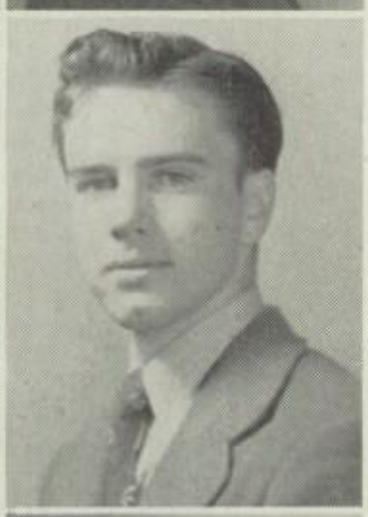
VIRGINIA LEWISOHN

DONALD JONES

BETTY LOWENTHAL

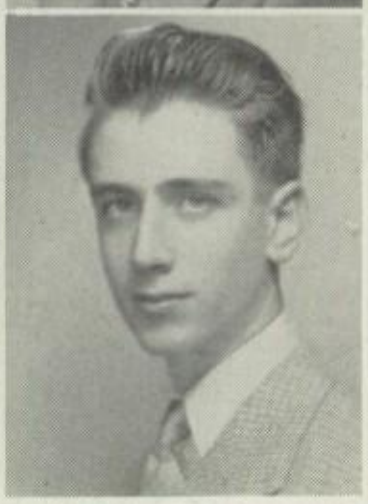
LAYNE KANTOR

CHARLES MALONE



BARBARA KELLNER

JOHN MANN



JAY MELTZER

LEONARD RAGOZIN

IRENE MOORE

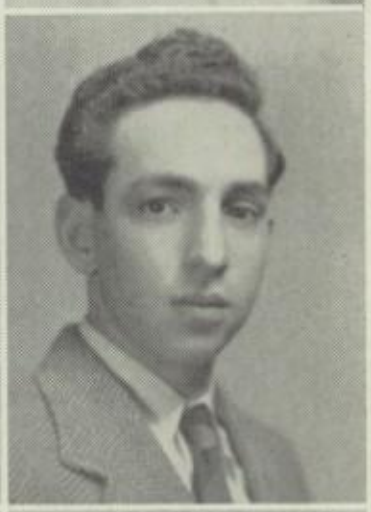
SUZANNE REDWOOD

FRANCES NAUGHTON

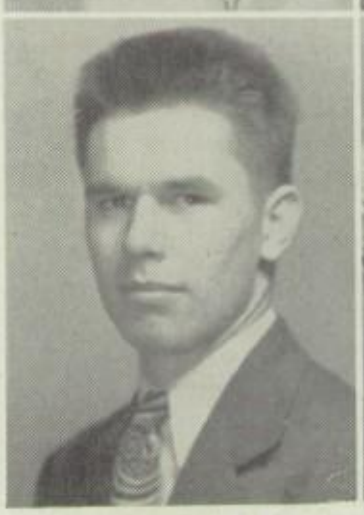
MARGUERITE RICE

BARBARA PAIGE

EDWARD RIVLIN



VICTOR POWELL



MARCELLA ROSENTHAL

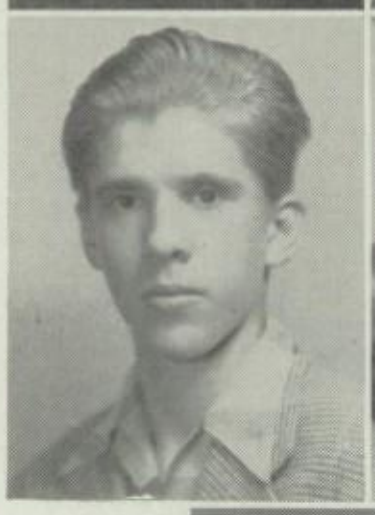
JOAN SCHUSTER

PHYLLIS STRYKER

JOHN SHAPIRO

PHILIPPA THORN

GEORGE STOCKING



RUTH WALDHEIM

ANDREA WOLF

Accelerators whose pictures, unfortunately, do not appear in this book.

CHIQUITA ALFAUX

PATRICK BURKE

HELEN KROSS

*The pictures of the seniors were taken by Anne Donahue Studios.*

# BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

It was the original intention of the editors of this book to exclude any sections other than those of the individual grades. We have tried to bring the activities of the various committees, publications, and sports into these grade sections with the idea of illustrating the definite relationships these activities have to the lives of every student.

This has been a momentous year in the school's history. It has been impossible to record within the grade sections all the events which have transpired. This year saw the Community Committee blossom forth as an active and influential force in the lives of not only HM-L students. It has had far-reaching effects in the neighborhood also.

The Student Canteen was organized after much planning and heated discussion. The boys' athletic teams had their best seasons in the school's history. The Student Council passed some revolutionary measures that will affect the lives of the students in the years to come. *Highlights* underwent a complete revision. To do justice to these events we have included the following section in the yearbook.

We feel that if we excluded any of these topics it would be like exhibiting a building with its foundations hidden from sight.

Some years from now when this year's happenings have become normal parts of the students' everyday lives, we shall want to look back on this year and see how it all began.

# ALL HM-L'S TEAM RECORDS OVER .500

## SOCCER TEAM UNBEATEN—CHAMPS

The boys' varsity soccer team won the M.A.A.P.S. championship. Never before in the school's history has a team won such a championship. The answer is simple. Teamwork in every sense of the word was the key to success. Personal glory was sacrificed by the players for the good of the teams. The result has filled HM-L students with pride and exultation in the teams. The teams were excellent examples of what education at HM-L stands for, co-operation among individuals for the good of the group.

The soccer team was undefeated in nine contests, and tied one game. They were unscored upon in eight games. The team was recommended by several coaches as the outstanding private school team in this area. Four of its members (Schell, Rivlin, Malone, and Elsen) made the all-private-school team. It was a difficult job for Coach Cukro to recommend four of his players for this honor. There were eleven potential candidates with excellent qualifications.

# TEAM PLAY—SECRET OF SUCCESS

The tremendous team spirit displayed by the soccer players was carried over into the basketball season. The team was defeated but three times in sixteen games. The team was made up of five individuals who were not indispensable by themselves but whose contribution to the team made for an almost unbeatable combination.

It is difficult, for the reasons already stated, to pick out individual stars. Every player stood out in the keen competition that the varsity met; and whenever one or two of the team let up, another member would ignite the spark that would light the driving spirit within the players and carry them on to victory. Len Ragozin was the team's high scorer. His height and tremendous reach were used to terrific advantage under the backboards on offense and defense. Charlie Malone was the sharpshooter of the team. His shooting and smooth ball handling were an important cog in the machine. Laurie Meltzer, who will lead the team next year, improved tremendously not only in his shooting, but also in his ability to work with the team. He will be a star of tomorrow. Dan Singer, playing his first year of varsity ball, reminded the observer of Bob Boyer with his speed and fight. Dan learned much and will be the big gun in the team's defense next year. Jay Meltzer used his height and experience to help weld the tremendous defense the team put up. Al Elsen, veteran captain, set up the plays and used his experience to guide the team on offense and defense. Howie Bowe, Bert Fainberg, and Arvie Strom picked up whenever any of the other players would let down.

Although five of the varsity are graduating, the remaining men and the J. V. have the makings of another strong team.

*(left) Soccer and basketball teams. (below) That last-minute handshake.*

*(above) Reich and Mann; (right) Phyl Stryker and helper. "... things are headed in the right direction."*

# COMMUNITY CLUBS BREAK BARRIERS

The Lincoln building is a big, impressive, and mysterious sight to most people who live near it. It isn't a real part of its neighborhood. As a result, HM-L students have occasionally felt uneasy as they hurry to the subway, and the people in the houses they pass have at times been suspicious and even hostile.

1944-45 has seen what looks like a change in this. It's possible that the Community Club has helped to bring about this change. Organized to help boys and girls in HM-L to know the teen-agers in their own school neighborhood, it has worked through discussion meetings, with a more or less social event thrown in here and there. Its members are from several important high schools, and the club has given many of them their first look inside HM-L. Maybe they have seen only the rosy side (of all the year's basketball games, the Birch-Wathen massacre was the one they watched), but they seem to have come to like the school and the people in it.

Other community projects have carried the club's work further; most notably the work at Morningside and Manhattanville, the swell band that Howie Bowe organized, the new HM-L Neighborhood Center. One of the best things about this last is that it has opened the gyms to the older boys of the neighborhood, who have practiced basketball with some of the boys from HM-L. (The HM-L players can tell you of the fancy shooting the neighborhood boys have displayed.) Community Club boys have worked as assistants in the Center, sharing responsibility with HM-L assistants and doing a lot towards making the whole thing a success.

At the end of the year HM-L still isn't doing the community job that it should and some day will do. It is clear, though, that things are headed in the right direction and that we're really gaining ground.

*The Canteen . . . checkers, cards, cokes, cookies.*

# INFORMALITY—THEME OF D.C.F.M.O.

The Student Canteen (Diggers' Club for Minors Only) was an indirect result of the war. Its founders created it as a protest to the sky-high prices the downtown movies and other places of amusement were charging. The Canteen was created to fill a definite social need. A place was needed where the boys and girls knew they could meet each week and have a lot of fun without spending all their allowance. The existence of such a place would put many parents more at ease on Saturday nights.

The idea of the Canteen was brought up before the students of the Horace Mann Boys' School and the Horace Mann-Lincoln School. Despite the criticism that the Canteen would be the breeding grounds for social cliques, the Canteen was adopted by both student bodies and the P. T. A.

Before Christmas vacation the officers of the Canteen were elected. The Canteen, it was decided, was to be an informal affair where people could drop in. Dating was discouraged. People were encouraged to come and go in groups. There was always planned entertainment, ranging from World Series movies to the Quartet.

When the Canteen officially opened in January it consisted of a large permanent room with easy chairs, rugs, lamps, card tables, radios, and a piano. Two small gyms supplied space for dancing, both social and folk, and ping-pong. A refreshment room, appropriately called "The Cave Inn," supplied the extra punch which greatly helped the Canteen.

The success of the Canteen has been in its informality, its excellent facilities, the entertainment derived from it, and most important of all, the warm spirit of friendship which hangs over its ping-pong tables, card tables, easy chairs and coke bar.

# "HIGHLIGHTS", QUALITY BEFORE QUANTITY

*Highlights* is no longer a photo-offset newspaper. It is printed, and almost twice the size of the old *Highlights*. The news that appears in it is up to the minute in every sense of the word. There is a remarkable story behind the success of the paper this year. This year's editor, Len Ragozin, experimented last year with the idea of printing *Highlights*. He had had some printing experience but practically none in the newspaper field. By astute planning and arguing Len won the financial support of the school. Miss Hockaday's knowledge of newspaper work, her ability to "smell out ads," and her manner with people were no mean reasons why the change came about.

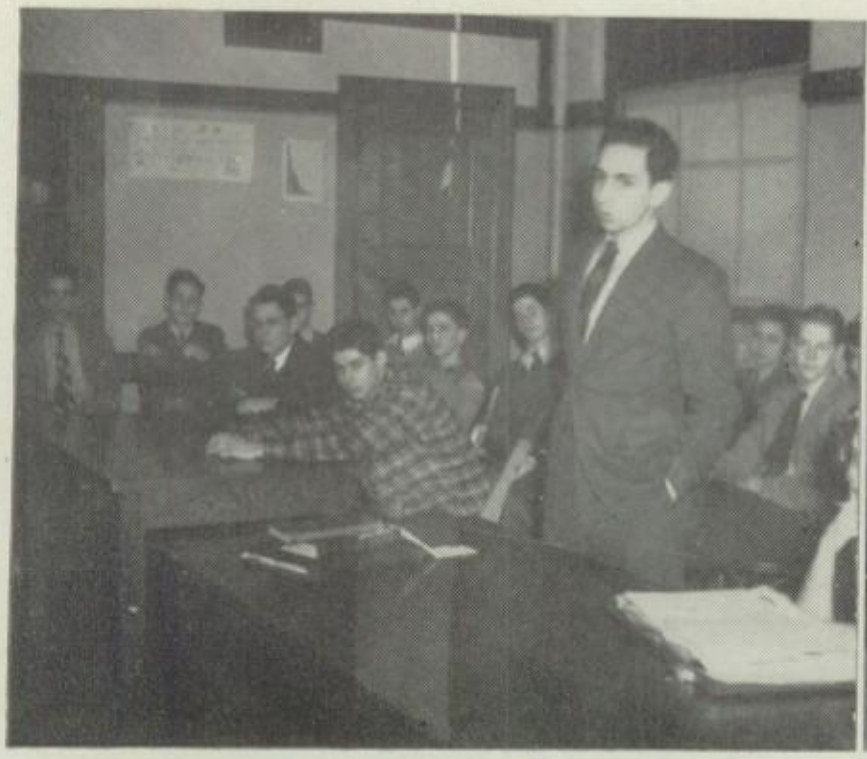
Len has tried three printers since the printed paper first came out. He has done a lot of foot-work in searching for printers. Although Len did most of the planning and technical work on the paper he could not have done the job without Laurel Ager's and Tom Dinell's assistance. Laurel was Len's right-hand woman who edited the copy, assigned articles, and picked up where Len would leave off. Tom was a godsend in assigning and collecting copy.

Len and Laurel and Tom set out to make the material in *Highlights* more readable. They stressed quality before quantity. The news articles have received a lot of attention from Len and Laurel. They have tried to make them enjoyable as well as informative.

The feature writing of *Highlights* has held the paper together on many occasions when news was lacking. Charles Reich's articles on the school have been outstanding among the features. The columns by Dick Uviller, John Mann, Jay Meltzer, and Bert Fainberg have a following and are read with much enthusiasm.

Len Ragozin, Miss Hockaday, Laurel, and Tom have opened a new page in the history of *Highlights*. It will be for Reich, Goodman, Klopfer, and Rosenbaum and those that follow to fill that page. *Highlights* marches on!

*Dinell, Reich, Goodman, Ager, and Ragozin—highlights of "Highlights."*



*President Rivlin for . . .* *. . . Council member Dinell opposed.*

# HM-L OF FUTURE AFFECTED BY COUNCIL

This year's Student Council has passed several new and vital measures. Some of them were passed with an eye toward benefitting the school in the future. Some of these measures illustrate the concern the students have that everyone should have a responsibility of some sort. More specifically, the Job Limitation measure, which makes it unconstitutional for a student to hold more than one major or two minor offices, has afforded more students a chance of getting experience in student government. This measure is designed to aid those members of a large student body who under the old system would have been denied the chance to have a job.

A proportional representation measure was also passed. Since the lower grades of the High School are so large, the Council felt that they should be allowed to have an additional representative on Council if the class exceeds sixty in number. This measure has already gone into effect.

Much debating went on in the classes this year about the representation of the classes in Council. It was felt by the students that for the most part the Council was a representative body, but a referendum bill was passed which permits the student body to vote on issues that the Council has acted on which are unsatisfactory to the students. This bill has created a new interest in the activities of Council on the part of people who heretofore felt helpless about Council rulings. Now that these students have the power to act, interest in Council has increased noticeably.

Major offices were redefined so that there would be more jobs available. Consequently the program to spread the responsibility of committees and government has been greatly aided.

Student government, which is so important in progressive education, has received a tremendous impetus this year. The students now realize that the Council can be an active organization with a minimum of faculty supervsion. The fire has been kindled. The lower grades have shown they will not let it be extinguished.

Arthur Harvey

– Cynthia Green

Corrie Ozanne

Jonathan Kirkpatrick Farwell

Lisa Bigelow

Sandra Krause "Sandy"

To Janet, Nancy Cole Smith

Faye Atwood

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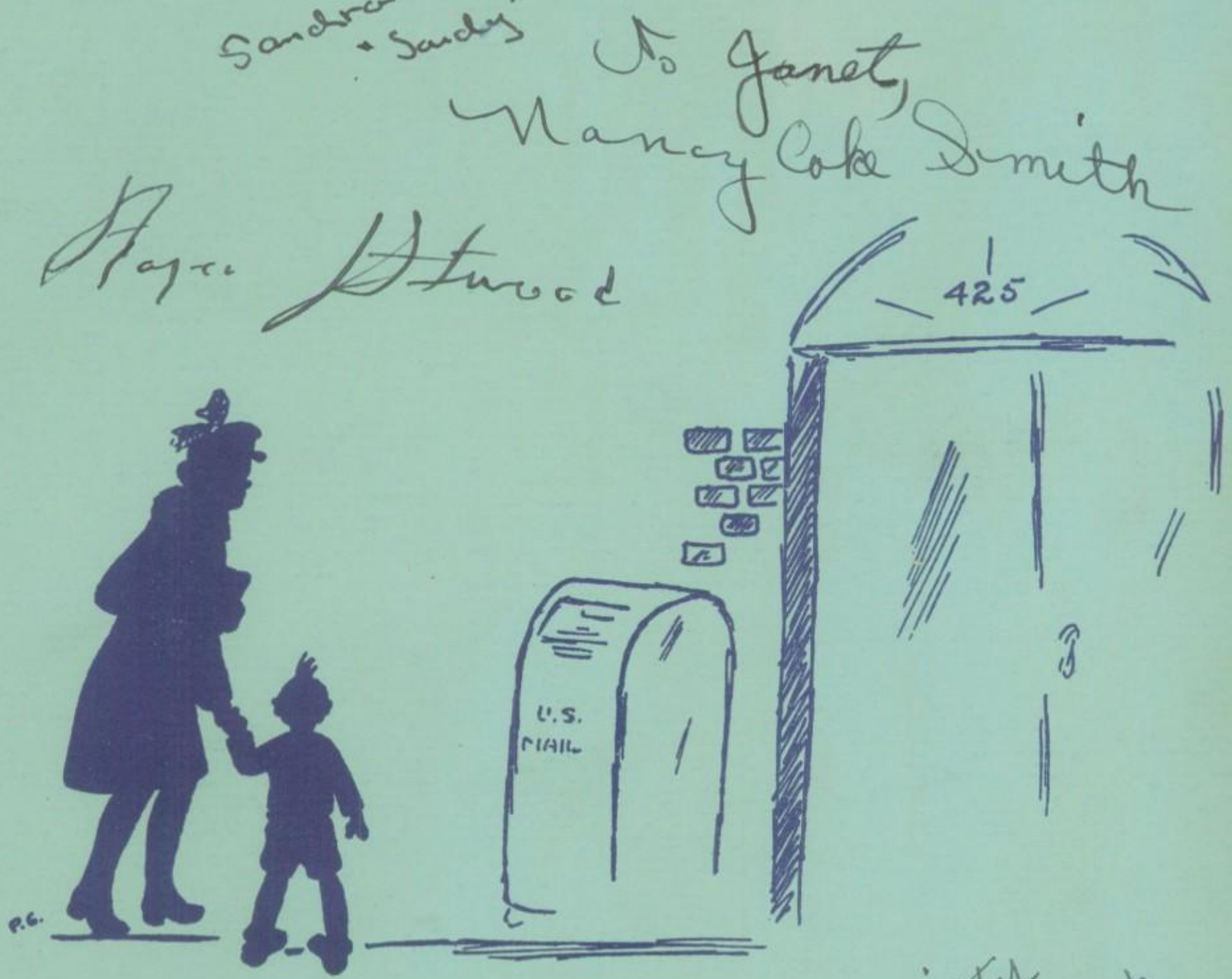



Kitty Kirk

Peter Liebman

From a person whos pen doesn't work.

"Shrimp"

Ursula Steinem

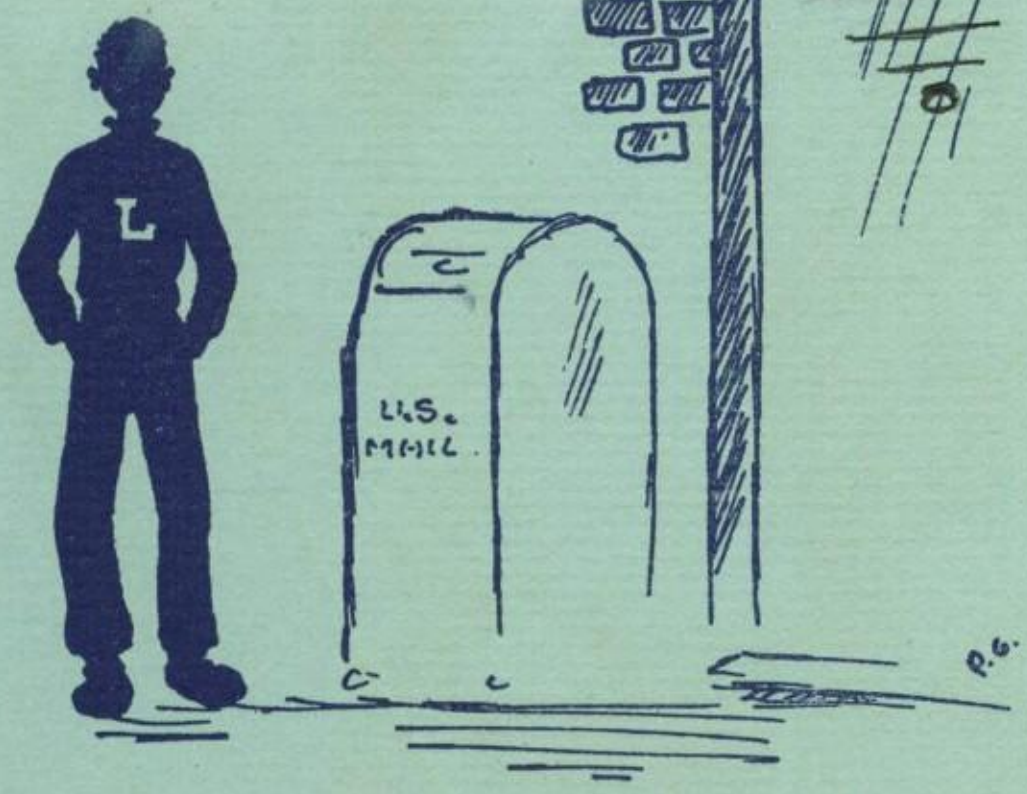
Shelly Clark

425

Joan Arnetien

Colonel Miller

Priscilla Mon José




Judy Webster

Stephen K. Orgel

Donald Barth

Edmund Costantini

Pete Shroyer

Joe Walsh